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The figure that you here see put  
Was for H. Ruston Forman cut,  
Amid his household gods to bide  
And relics culled from far and wide.  
This book is his on whom you look  
For Scott his graving tackle took  
And etched the man to watch therein.  
That none by quite the book might win.  
Then note fur! of great and small  
The world holds books enough for all.  
Of roughly handling this beware,  
And put it in its place with care.

M. adds. 109 d. 114



*Handwritten scribbles*



600045154P

*Vertical handwritten scribbles*

SILBY

1881

1882

1883









HELLAS.

[In a letter to Mr. Gisborne, dated "Pisa, October 22, 1821," printed in the second volume of Shelley's *Essays &c.* (1840), pp. 332—5, we read, "I am just finishing a dramatic poem, called *Hellas*, upon the contest now raging in Greece—a sort of imitation of the *Persæ* of Æschylus, full of lyrical poetry." And another letter to Mr. Gisborne, dated "Pisa, April 10, 1822," standing next in the volume, opens thus: "I have received *Hellas*, which is prettily printed, and with fewer mistakes than any poem I ever published. Am I to thank you for the revision of the press? or who acted as midwife to this last of my orphans, introducing it to oblivion, and me to my accustomed failure?... It was written without much care, and in one of those few moments of enthusiasm which now seldom visit me, and which make me pay dear for their visits." In a letter to "C. T. Esq." (Horace Smith), he calls *Hellas* "a sort of lyrical, dramatic, nondescript piece of business." The book characterized by Shelley as comparatively free from mistakes, and of which the title-page is here reproduced, is an octavo pamphlet, consisting of fly-title *Hellas* with imprint at back ("PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET, LONDON."), title-page, dedication, preface pp. VII to XI, fly-title *Hellas* with *dramatis personæ* at back, and text pp. 3 to 60. The poem itself ends at p. 53 of the pamphlet, where the imprint is repeated; and the notes form pp. 55 to 58: these, again, are followed by the poem *Written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon*, forming pp. 59 and 60. Shelley's remark as to the comparative freedom from mistakes of course refers to essential mistakes only, and must be taken as a protection against any freedom of emendation, though the expression used implies that there were *some* mistakes; but from a technical point of view mistakes abound, as the utmost irregularity of production prevails. For instance, the names of speakers for the first 113 lines are printed in uniform small capitals, while throughout the remainder of the drama they are in large and small capitals: then we have sometimes "SEMICHORUS 2d,"—at others "SEMICHORUS 2nd." I have followed Mrs. Shelley's uniform "SEMICHORUS I" and "SEMICHORUS II." Various other small inconsistencies, probably attributable to the printer, or to Shelley's substitute in revision, will be found referred to in the foot-notes; but one, the most annoying of all, may with advantage be got rid of here. There are a great number of past tenses and participles in *ed* contracted by the substitution of an apostrophe for the *e*, contrary to Shelley's practice. In these cases I have restored the *e*, namely in lines 36, 39, 47, 68, 73, 99, 113, 158, 188, 206, 220, 223, 260, 263, 266, 284, 314, 337, 338, 348, 384, 409, 411, 419, 426, 432, 439, 456, 494, 506, 514, 515, 518 (in the word *perched*: the word *stooped* in the same line is not contracted), 530, 552, 571, 574, 582, 583, 602, 603, 604, 606, 624, 629, 634, 642, 638, 690, 772, 846, 864, 948, 1018, 1023, and 1043. It seems unlikely that Shelley is responsible for this annoying variation of practice: I am not however aware that any MS. of *Hellas*, beyond the fragments of the draft, in Sir Percy Shelley's note-books, is now in existence.—H.B.F.]

# HELLAS

## A LYRICAL DRAMA

BY

PERCY B. SHELLEY

ΜΑΝΤΙΣ ΕΙΜ' ΕΞΘΛΩΝ 'ΑΓΩΝΩΝ

ŒDIP. COLON.

LONDON

CHARLES AND JAMES OLLIER VERE STREET

BOND STREET

MDCCCXXII

[1877]



TO  
HIS EXCELLENCY  
PRINCE ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO  
LATE SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS  
TO THE HOSPODAR OF WALLACHIA  
THE DRAMA OF HELLAS  
IS INSCRIBED  
AS AN IMPERFECT TOKEN  
OF THE ADMIRATION, SYMPATHY, AND FRIENDSHIP  
OF  
THE AUTHOR.

PISA,  
November 1st, 1821.



## PREFACE.

[BY SHELLEY.]

THE poem of *Hellas*, written at the suggestion of the events of the moment, is a mere improvise, and derives its interest (should it be found to possess any) solely from the intense sympathy which the Author feels with the cause he would celebrate.

The subject, in its present state, is insusceptible of being treated otherwise than lyrically, and if I have called this poem a drama from the circumstance of its being composed in dialogue, the licence is not greater than that which has been assumed by other poets who have called their productions epics, only because they have been divided into twelve or twenty-four books.

The *Persæ* of *Æschylus* afforded me the first model of my conception, although the decision of the glorious contest now waging in Greece being yet suspended forbids a catastrophe parallel to the return of *Xerxes* and the desolation of the Persians. I have, therefore, contented myself with exhibiting a series of lyric pictures, and with having wrought upon the curtain of futurity, which falls upon the unfinished scene, such figures of indistinct and visionary delineation as suggest the final triumph of the Greek cause as a portion of the cause of civilization and social improvement.

The drama (if drama it must be called) is, however, so inartificial that I doubt whether, if recited on the Thespian waggon to an Athenian village at the *Dionysiaca*, it would have obtained the prize of the goat. I shall bear with



equanimity any punishment, greater than the loss of such a reward which the Aristarchi of the hour may think fit to inflict.

The only *goat-song*<sup>1</sup> which I have yet attempted has, I confess, in spite of the unfavourable nature of the subject, received a greater and a more valuable portion of applause than I expected or than it deserved.

Common fame is the only authority which I can allege for the details which form the basis of the poem, and I must trespass upon the forgiveness of my readers for the display of newspaper erudition to which I have been reduced. Undoubtedly, until the conclusion of the war, it will be impossible to obtain an account of it sufficiently authentic for historical materials; but poets have their privilege, and it is unquestionable that actions of the most exalted courage have been performed by the Greeks—that they have gained more than one naval victory, and that their defeat in Wallachia was signalized by circumstances of heroism more glorious even than victory.

The apathy of the rulers of the civilized world to the astonishing circumstance of the descendants of that nation to which they owe their civilization—rising as it were from the ashes of their ruin, is something perfectly inexplicable to a mere spectator of the shews of this mortal scene. We are all Greeks. Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts, have their root in Greece. But for Greece—Rome, the instructor, the conqueror, or the metropolis of our ancestors, would have spread no illumination with her arms, and we might still have been savages and idolaters; or, what is worse, might have arrived at such a stagnant and miserable state of social institution<sup>2</sup> as China and Japan possess.

<sup>1</sup> This refers, of course, to *The Cenci*.

<sup>2</sup> So in the first edition: Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Rossetti read *institutions*,

but do not make the same change in the next paragraph but one. I think Shelley meant the noun to be singular.

The human form and the human mind attained to a perfection in Greece which has impressed its image on those faultless productions, whose very fragments are the despair of modern art, and has propagated impulses which cannot cease, through a thousand channels of manifest or imperceptible operation, to ennoble and delight mankind until the extinction of the race.

The modern Greek is the descendant of those glorious beings whom the imagination almost refuses to figure to itself as belonging to our kind, and he inherits much of their sensibility, their rapidity of conception, their enthusiasm, and their courage. If in many instances he is degraded, by moral and political slavery to the practice of the basest vices it engenders, and that below the level of ordinary degradation; let us reflect that the corruption of the best produces the worst, and that habits which subsist only in relation to a peculiar state of social institution may be expected to cease as soon as that relation is dissolved. In fact, the Greeks, since the admirable novel of "*Anastasius*"<sup>1</sup> could have been a faithful picture of their manners, have undergone most important changes; the flower of their youth returning to their country from the universities of Italy, Germany, and France, have communicated to their fellow-citizens the latest results of that social perfection of which their ancestors were the original source. The university of Chios contained before the breaking out of the revolution eight hundred students, and among them several Germans and Americans. The munificence and energy of many of the Greek princes and merchants, directed to the renovation of their country with a spirit and a wisdom which has few examples, is above all praise.

The English permit their own oppressors to act according

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition, *Anastatius*. The reference is to Thomas Hope's *Anastatius; or, Memoirs of a Greek*,

*Written at the Close of the Eighteenth Century* (3 vols. London, Murray, 1819).

to their natural sympathy with the Turkish tyrant, and to brand upon their name the indelible blot of an alliance with the enemies of domestic happiness, of Christianity and civilization.

Russia desires to possess, not to liberate Greece; and is contented to see the Turks, its natural enemies, and the Greeks, its intended slaves, enfeeble each other until one or both fall into its net. The wise and generous policy of England would have consisted in establishing the independence of Greece, and in maintaining it both against Russia and the Turk<sup>1</sup>;—but when was the oppressor generous or just?

The Spanish Peninsula is already free. France is tranquil in the enjoyment of a partial exemption from the abuses which its unnatural and feeble government are vainly attempting to revive. The seed of blood and misery has been sown in Italy, and a more vigorous race is arising to go forth to the harvest. The world waits only the news of a revolution of Germany to see the tyrants who have pinnacled themselves on its supineness precipitated into the ruin from which they shall never arise. Well do these destroyers of mankind know their enemy, when they impute the insurrection in Greece to the same spirit before which they tremble throughout the rest of Europe, and that enemy well knows the power and the<sup>2</sup> cunning of its opponents, and watches the moment of their approaching weakness and inevitable division to wrest the bloody sceptres from their grasp.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Shelley substitutes *Turks*.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Shelley omits *the*.

**H E L L A S.**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MAHMUD.

HASSAN.

DAOOD.

AHASUERUS, *a Jew.*

*Chorus of Greek Captive Women.*

*Messengers, Slaves, and Attendants.*

---

SCENE, Constantinople.

TIME, *Sunset.*

# HELLAS

## A LYRICAL DRAMA.

*Scene, a Terrace on the Seraglio.*

MAHMUD (*sleeping*), *an Indian Slave sitting beside his Couch.*

### CHORUS OF GREEK CAPTIVE WOMEN.

We strew these opiate flowers  
On thy restless pillow,—  
They were stript from Orient bowers,  
By the Indian billow.  
Be thy sleep  
Calm and deep,  
Like their's who fell—not our's who weep!

5

### INDIAN.

Away, unlovely dreams!  
Away, false shapes of sleep!  
Be his, as Heaven seems,  
Clear, and bright, and deep!  
Soft as love, and calm as death,  
Sweet as a summer night without a breath.

10

## CHORUS.

Sleep, sleep! our song is laden  
 With the soul of slumber; 15  
 It was sung by a Samian maiden,  
 Whose lover was of the number  
 Who now keep  
 That calm sleep  
 Whence none may wake, where none shall weep. 20

## INDIAN.

I touch thy temples pale!  
 I breathe my soul on thee!  
 And could my prayers avail,  
 All my joy should be  
 Dead, and I would live to weep, 25  
 So thou might'st win one hour of quiet sleep.

## CHORUS.

Breathe low, low  
 The spell of the mighty mistress now!  
 When Conscience lulls her sated snake,  
 And Tyrants sleep, let Freedom wake. 30  
 Breathe low—low  
 The words which, like secret fire, shall flow  
 Through the veins of the frozen earth—low, low!

## SEMICHORUS I.

Life may change, but it may fly not;  
 Hope may vanish, but can die not; 35  
 Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;  
 Love repulsed,—but it returneth!

## SEMICHORUS II.

Yet were life a charnel where  
 Hope lay coffined with Despair;  
 Yet were truth a sacred lie,  
 Love were lust—

## SEMICHORUS I.

If Liberty  
 Lent not life its soul of light,  
 Hope its iris of delight,  
 Truth its prophet's robe to wear,  
 Love its power to give and bear.

## CHORUS.

In the great morning of the world,  
 The spirit of God with might unfurled  
 The flag of Freedom over Chaos,  
 And all its banded anarchs fled,  
 Like vultures frightened from Imaus,  
 Before an earthquake's tread.—  
 So from Time's tempestuous dawn  
 Freedom's splendour burst and shone:—  
 Thermopylæ and Marathon  
 Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,  
 The springing Fire.—The wingèd glory  
 On Philippi half-alighted,  
 Like an eagle on a promontory.  
 Its unwearied wings could fan  
 The quenchless ashes of Milan.<sup>1</sup>  
 From age to age, from man to man,  
 It lived; and lit from land to land,  
 Florence, Albion, Switzerland.

<sup>1</sup> See Shelley's note (1) at the end of the poem.



Then night fell; and, as from night,  
 Re-assuming fiery flight, 65  
 From the West swift Freedom came,  
     Against the course of Heaven and doom,  
 A second sun arrayed in flame,  
     To burn, to kindle, to illume.  
 From far Atlantis its young beams 70  
 Chased the shadows and the dreams.<sup>1</sup>  
 France, with all her sanguine steams,  
     Hid, but quenched it not; again  
     Through clouds its shafts of glory rain  
     From utmost Germany to Spain. 75  
 As an eagle fed with morning  
 Scorns the embattled tempest's <sup>2</sup> warning,  
 When she seeks her aërie <sup>3</sup> hanging  
     In the mountain-cedar's hair,  
 And her brood expect the clanging 80  
     Of her wings through the wild air,  
 Sick with famine:—Freedom, so  
 To what of Greece remaineth now  
 Returns; her hoary ruins glow  
 Like Orient mountains lost in day; 85  
     Beneath the safety of her wings  
 Her renovated nurslings<sup>4</sup> prey,  
     And in the naked lightnings  
 Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.  
 Let Freedom leave—where'er she flies, 90  
 A Desart, or a Paradise:  
     Let the beautiful and the brave  
     Share her glory, or a grave.

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition there is no stop at *dreams*.

<sup>2</sup> In Shelley's edition, *tempests*.

<sup>3</sup> In Shelley's edition, *aîëry*.

<sup>4</sup> In Shelley's edition, *nurselings*,—not his usual orthography.

SEMICHORUS I.

With the gifts of gladness  
Greece did thy cradle strew ;

95

SEMICHORUS II.

With the tears of sadness  
Greece did thy shroud bedew !

SEMICHORUS I.

With an orphan's affection  
She followed thy bier through Time ;

SEMICHORUS II.

And at thy resurrection  
Re-appeareth, like thou, sublime !

100

SEMICHORUS I.

If Heaven should resume thee,  
To Heaven shall her spirit ascend ;

SEMICHORUS II.

If Hell should entomb thee,  
To Hell shall her high hearts bend.

105

SEMICHORUS I.

If Annihilation——

SEMICHORUS II.

Dust let her glories be !  
And a name and a nation  
Be forgotten, Freedom, with thee !

## INDIAN.

His brow grows darker—breathe not—move not!  
 He starts—he shudders—ye that love not, 111  
 With your panting loud and fast,  
 Have awakened him at last.

MAHMUD (*starting from his sleep*).

Man the Seraglio-guard! make fast the gate.  
 What! from a cannonade of three short hours? 115  
 'Tis false! that breach towards the Bosphorus  
 Cannot be practicable yet—who stirs?  
 Stand to the match; that when the foe prevails  
 One spark may mix in reconciling ruin  
 The conqueror and the conquered! Heave the tower  
 Into the gap—wrench off the roof.

(*Enter HASSAN.*)

Ha! what! 121  
 The truth of day lightens upon my dream  
 And I am Mahmud still.

HASSAN.

Your Sublime Highness  
 Is strangely moved.

MAHMUD.

The times do cast strange shadows  
 On those who watch and who must rule their course,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lest they, being first in peril as in glory, 126  
 Be whelmed in the fierce ebb:—and these are of them.  
 Thrice has a gloomy vision hunted me  
 As thus from sleep into the troubled day;

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition there is a full-stop after *course*,—doubtless a misprint for a comma, as the next clause will not stand alone.

It shakes me as the tempest shakes the sea, 130  
 Leaving no figure upon memory's glass.  
 Would that—no matter. Thou didst say thou knewest  
 A Jew, whose spirit is a chronicle  
 Of strange and secret and forgotten things.  
 I bade thee summon him:—'tis said his tribe 135  
 Dream, and are wise interpreters of dreams.

## HASSAN.

The Jew of whom I spake is old,—so old  
 He seems to have outlived a world's decay;  
 The hoary mountains and the wrinkled ocean  
 Seem younger still than he;—his hair and beard 140  
 Are whiter than the tempest-sifted snow;  
 His cold pale limbs and pulseless arteries  
 Are like the fibres of a cloud, instinct  
 With light, and to the soul that quickens them  
 Are as the atoms of the mountain-drift 145  
 To the winter wind:—but from his eye looks forth  
 A life of unconsumed thought which pierces  
 The present, and the past, and the to-come.  
 Some say that this is he whom the great prophet  
 Jesus, the son of Joseph, for his mockery 150  
 Mocked with the curse of immortality.  
 Some feign that he is Enoch: others dream  
 He was pre-adamite and has survived  
 Cycles of generation and of ruin.  
 The sage, in truth, by dreadful abstinence 155  
 And conquering penance of the mutinous flesh,  
 Deep contemplation, and unwearied study,  
 In years outstretched beyond the date of man,  
 May have attained to sovereignty and science  
 Over those strong and secret things and thoughts 160  
 Which others fear and know not.

MAHMUD.

I would talk

With this old Jew.

HASSAN.

Thy will is even now

Made known to him, where he dwells in a sea-cavern  
 'Mid the Demonesi, less accessible  
 Than thou or God! He who would question him 165  
 Must sail alone at sunset, where the stream  
 Of Ocean sleeps around those foamless isles,  
 When the young moon is westering as now,  
 And evening airs wander upon the wave;  
 And when the pines of that bee-pasturing isle, 170  
 Green Erebinthus, quench the fiery shadow  
 Of his gilt prow within the sapphire water,  
 Then must the lonely helmsman cry aloud  
 Ahasuerus! and the caverns round  
 Will answer Ahasuerus! If his prayer 175  
 Be granted, a faint meteor will arise  
 Lighting him over Marmora, and a wind  
 Will rush out of the sighing pine-forest,  
 And with the wind a storm of harmony  
 Unutterably sweet, and pilot him 180  
 Through the soft twilight to the Bosphorus:  
 Thence at the hour and place and circumstance  
 Fit for the matter of their conference  
 The Jew appears. Few dare, and few who dare  
 Win the desired communion—but that shout 185  
 Bodes—— (a shout within.)

MAHMUD.

Evil, doubtless; like all human sounds.  
 Let me converse with spirits.

HELLAS.

21

HASSAN.

That shout again.

MAHMUD.

This Jew whom thou hast summoned—

HASSAN.

Will be here—

MAHMUD.

When the omnipotent hour to which are yoked  
He, I, and all things shall compel—enough. 190  
Silence those mutineers—that drunken crew,  
That crowd about the pilot in the storm.  
Aye!<sup>1</sup> strike the foremost shorter by a head!  
They weary me, and I have need of rest.  
Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have 195  
The worship of the world, but no repose.

*(Exeunt severally.)*

CHORUS.<sup>2</sup>

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever  
From creation to decay,  
Like the bubbles on a river  
Sparkling, bursting, borne away. 200  
But they are still immortal  
Who, through birth's orient portal  
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition this exclamation is spelt *Ay*; but as his practice was to spell it *Aye*, and as that spelling occurs in the last poem printed for him during his life, namely the

lines on the death of Napoleon, published with *Hellas*, I have restored the *e* here, and in line 366.

<sup>2</sup> See Shelley's note (2) at the end of the poem.

Clothe their unceasing flight  
 In the brief dust and light 205  
 Gathered around their chariots as they go;  
 New shapes they still may weave,  
 New gods, new laws receive,  
 Bright or dim are they as the robes they last  
 On Death's bare ribs had cast. 210

A power from the unknown God,  
 A Promethean conqueror came;  
 Like a triumphal path he trod  
 The thorns of death and shame.  
 A mortal shape to him 215  
 Was like the vapour dim  
 Which the orient planet animates with light;  
 Hell, Sin, and Slavery came,  
 Like blood-hounds mild and tame,  
 Nor preyed, until their Lord had taken flight; 220  
 The moon of Mahomet  
 Arose, and it shall set:  
 While blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon  
 The cross leads generations on.

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep 225  
 From one whose dreams are Paradise  
 Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,  
 And day peers forth with her blank eyes;  
 So fleet, so faint, so fair,  
 The Powers of earth and air 230  
 Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem:  
 Apollo, Pan, and Love,  
 And even Olympian Jove  
 Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them;  
 Our hills and seas and streams 235  
 Dispeopled of their dreams,

Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,  
Wailed for the golden years.

*Enter MAHMUD, HASSAN, DAOOD, and others.*

MAHMUD.

More gold? our ancestors bought gold with victory,  
And shall I sell it for defeat?

DAOOD.

The Janizars

240

Clamour for pay.

MAHMUD.

Go! bid them pay themselves  
With Christian blood! Are there no Grecian virgins  
Whose shrieks and spasms and tears they may enjoy?  
No infidel children to impale on spears?  
No hoary priests after that Patriarch<sup>1</sup>  
Who bent the curse against his country's heart,  
Which clove his own at last? Go! bid them kill,  
Blood is the seed of gold.

245

DAOOD.

It has been sown,  
And yet the harvest to the sicklemen  
Is as a grain to each.

MAHMUD.

Then, take this signet,  
Unlock the seventh chamber in which lie  
The treasures of victorious Solyman.

250

<sup>1</sup> See Shelley's note (3) at the end of the poem.



An empire's spoil stored for a day of ruin.  
 O spirit of my sires! is it not come? 254  
 The prey-birds and the wolves are gorged and sleep;  
 But these, who spread their feast on the red earth,  
 Hunger for gold, which fills not.—See them fed;  
 Then, lead them to the rivers of fresh death.

(*Exit* DAOOD.

O! miserable dawn, after a night  
 More glorious than the day which it usurped! 260  
 O, faith in God! O, power on earth! O, word  
 Of the great prophet, whose o'ershadowing<sup>1</sup> wings  
 Darkened the thrones and idols of the West,  
 Now bright!—For thy sake cursèd be the hour,  
 Even as a father by an evil child, 265  
 When the Orient moon of Islam rolled in triumph  
 From Caucasus to White Ceraunia!  
 Ruin above, and anarchy below;  
 Terror without, and treachery within;  
 The Chalice of destruction full, and all 270  
 Thirsting to drink; and who among us dares  
 To dash it from his lips? and where is Hope?

HASSAN.

The lamp of our dominion still rides high;  
 One God is God—Mahomet is his prophet.  
 Four hundred thousand Moslems from the limits 275  
 Of utmost Asia, irresistibly  
 Throng, like full clouds at the Scirocco's<sup>2</sup> cry;  
 But not like them to weep their strength in tears:

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Rossetti gives this word *o'er-shadowing* as an emendation of his own, remarking that "*Overshadowing*," as in previous editions, seems a clear case of misprint." In Shelley's own edition, however, the word is *o'ershadowing*,—*overshadowing* having

been substituted in Mrs. Shelley's first edition of 1839.

<sup>2</sup> In Shelley's edition we read *Sairocco's* in this case; but I think *Scirocco's* would be the form most likely adopted; and *a* is probably a misprint for *c*.

They bear<sup>1</sup> destroying lightning, and their step  
 Wakes earthquake to consume and overwhelm, 280  
 And reign in ruin. Phrygian Olympus,  
 Tmolus, and Latmos, and Mycale, roughen  
 With horrent arms; and lofty ships even now,  
 Like vapours anchored to a mountain's edge,  
 Freight with fire and whirlwind, wait at Scala 285  
 The convoy of the ever-veering wind.  
 Samos is drunk with blood;—the Greek has paid  
 Brief victory with swift loss and long despair.  
 The false Moldavian serfs fled fast and far,  
 When the fierce shout of Allah-illa-Allah! 290  
 Rose like the war-cry of the northern wind  
 Which kills the sluggish clouds, and leaves a flock  
 Of wild swans struggling with the naked storm.  
 So were the lost Greeks on the Danube's day!  
 If night is mute, yet the returning sun 295  
 Kindles the voices of the morning birds;  
 Nor at thy bidding less exultingly  
 Than birds rejoicing in the golden day,  
 The Anarchies of Africa unleash  
 Their tempest-wingèd cities of the sea, 300  
 To speak in thunder to the rebel world.  
 Like sulphurous clouds, half-shattered by the storm,  
 They sweep the pale Ægean, while the Queen  
 Of Ocean, bound upon her island-throne,  
 Far in the West sits mourning that her sons 305  
 Who frown on Freedom spare a smile for thee:  
 Russia still hovers, as an eagle might  
 Within a cloud, near which a kite and crane  
 Hang tangled in inextricable fight,  
 To stoop upon the victor;—for she fears 310

<sup>1</sup> So in Shelley's edition: in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 and onwards, we read *have* instead of *bear*,—an obvious deterioration.

The name of Freedom, even as she hates thine.  
 But recreant Austria loves thee as the Grave  
 Loves Pestilence, and her slow dogs of war,  
 Fleshed with the chase, come up from Italy,  
 And howl upon their limits; for they see 315  
 The panther, Freedom, fled to her old cover,  
 Amid<sup>1</sup> seas and mountains, and a mightier brood  
 Crouch round. What Anarch wears a crown or mitre,  
 Or bears the sword, or grasps the key of gold,  
 Whose friends are not thy friends, whose foes thy foes?  
 Our arsenals and our armories are full; 321  
 Our forts defy assault;<sup>2</sup> ten thousand cannon  
 Lie ranged upon the beach, and hour by hour  
 Their earth-convulsing wheels affright the city;  
 The galloping of fiery steeds makes pale 325  
 The Christian merchant; and the yellow Jew  
 Hides his hoard deeper in the faithless earth.  
 Like clouds, and like the shadows of the clouds,  
 Over the hills of Anatolia,  
 Swift in wide troops the Tartar chivalry 330  
 Sweep;—the far flashing of their starry lances  
 Reverberates the dying light of day.  
 We have one God, one King, one Hope, one Law;  
 But many-headed Insurrection stands  
 Divided in itself, and soon must fall. 335

#### MAHMUD.

Proud words, when deeds come short, are seasonable:  
 Look, Hassan, on yon crescent moon, emblazoned  
 Upon that shattered flag of fiery cloud

<sup>1</sup> So in Shelley's and Mrs. Shelley's editions; and the irregularity of metre is likely enough to be intentional, or to have been deliberately disregarded. As, however, Shelley frequently used

the word *mid* or '*mid*, it is quite possible that he did so here.

<sup>2</sup> In Shelley's edition, *assault*, of course rightly: Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 and onwards give *assaults*.

Which leads the rear of the departing day;  
 Wan emblem<sup>1</sup> of an empire fading now! 340  
 See how it trembles in the blood-red air,  
 And like a mighty lamp whose oil is spent  
 Shrinks on the horizon's edge, while, from above,  
 One star with insolent and victorious light  
 Hovers above its fall, and with keen beams, 345  
 Like arrows through a fainting antelope,  
 Strikes its weak form to death.

## HASSAN.

Even as that moon<sup>2</sup>

Renews itself——

## MAHMUD.

Shall we be not renewed !  
 Far other bark than our's were needed now  
 To stem the torrent of descending time : 350  
 The spirit that lifts the slave before his<sup>3</sup> lord  
 Stalks through the capitals of armed kings,  
 And spreads his ensign in the wilderness :  
 Exults in chains ; and, when the rebel falls,  
 Cries like the blood of Abel from the dust ; 355  
 And the inheritors of the<sup>4</sup> earth, like beasts  
 When earthquake is unleashed, with idiot fear  
 Cower in their kingly dens—as I do now.  
 What were Defeat when Victory must appal ?  
 Or Danger, when Security looks pale ?— 360

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition, *wan-emblem*, as a compound word. I do not find this in any of Mrs. Shelley's editions, and cannot but think it an accidental mis-use of the hyphen.

<sup>2</sup> In Shelley's edition there is a comma after *moon*.

<sup>3</sup> So in Shelley's edition, but *its lord*

in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 and onward.

<sup>4</sup> This word *the* is omitted in Mrs. Shelley's and Mr. Rossetti's editions, I think wrongly. It is in Shelley's edition, and the rhythm seems to me enriched by it, the sense slightly improved.

How said the messenger—who, from the fort  
 Islanded in the Danube, saw the battle  
 Of Bucharest ?—that—

HASSAN.

Ibrahim's scymitar  
 Drew with its gleam swift victory from heaven,  
 To burn before him in the night of battle— 365  
 A light and a destruction.

MAHMUD.

Aye ! the day  
 Was our's : but how ?——

HASSAN.

The light Wallachians,  
 The Arnaut, Servian, and Albanian allies  
 Fled from the glance of our artillery  
 Almost before the thunderstone alit.<sup>1</sup> 370  
 One half the Grecian army made a bridge  
 Of safe and slow retreat, with Moslem dead ;  
 The other—

MAHMUD.

Speak—tremble not.—

HASSAN.

Islanded  
 By victor myriads, formed in hollow square  
 With rough and steadfast front, and thrice flung back  
 The deluge of our foaming cavalry ; 375  
 Thrice their keen wedge of battle pierced our lines.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Shelley substitutes a semi-colon for a full-stop here. The full-stop occurs, however, in Shelley's own edition.

Our baffled army trembled like one man  
 Before a host, and gave them space; but soon,  
 From the surrounding hills, the batteries blazed, 380  
 Kneading them down with fire and iron rain:  
 Yet none approached; till, like a field of corn  
 Under the hook of the swart sickleman,  
 The band,<sup>1</sup> intrenched in mounds of Turkish dead,  
 Grew weak and few.—Then said the Pacha, “Slaves,  
 Render yourselves—they have abandoned you— 385  
 What hope of refuge, or retreat, or aid?  
 We grant your lives.” “Grant that which is thine own!”  
 Cried one, and fell upon his sword and died!  
 Another—“God, and man, and hope abandon me;”<sup>2</sup> 390  
 But I to them, and to myself, remain  
 Constant:”—he bowed his head, and his heart burst.  
 A third exclaimed, “There is a refuge, tyrant,  
 Where thou dar’st not pursue, and canst not harm,  
 Should’st thou pursue; there we shall meet again.” 395  
 Then held his breath, and, after a brief spasm,  
 The indignant spirit cast its mortal garment  
 Among the slain—dead earth upon the earth!  
 So these survivors, each by different ways,  
 Some strange, all sudden, none dishonourable, 400  
 Met in triumphant death; and when our army  
 Closed in, while yet wonder, and awe, and shame,  
 Held back the base hyenas of the battle

<sup>1</sup> So in Shelley’s edition, but *bands* in Mrs. Shelley’s editions of 1839 and later.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Rossetti has “ventured to condense” this line thus:

Another—“God, man, hope, abandon me; and he says he regards the genuine line of Shelley’s edition, given in the text, as “a clear and indisputable case of oversight.” I for one dispute it, because the line scans with perfect fluency as an iambic line of five feet

with a triple ending, such as Fletcher affected so much and as most Elizabethan writers employed more or less. I can see no possible justification for “condensing” even were the line what Mr. Rossetti seems to think it indisputably,—an alexandrine. Other such lines in *Hellas*, are lines 239, 240, and 528. I should also think lines 488 and 532 were meant to be scanned in this way rather than by carrying the elisions further back.

That feed upon the dead and fly the living,  
 One rose out of the chaos of the slain : 405  
 And if it were a corpse which some dread spirit  
 Of the old saviours of the land we rule  
 Had lifted in its anger wandering by ;—  
 Or if there burned within the dying man  
 Unquenchable disdain of death, and faith 410  
 Creating what it feigned ;—I cannot tell—  
 But he cried, “Phantoms of the free, we come !  
 Armies of the Eternal, ye who strike  
 To dust the citadels of sanguine kings,  
 And shake the souls throned on their stony hearts, 415  
 And thaw their frostwork diadems like dew ;—  
 O ye who float around this clime, and weave  
 The garment of the glory which it wears,  
 Whose fame, though earth betray the dust it clasped,  
 Lies sepulchred in monumental thought ;— 420  
 Progenitors of all that yet is great,  
 Ascribe to your bright senate, O accept  
 In your high ministrations, us, your sons—  
 Us first, and the more glorious yet to come !  
 And ye, weak conquerors ! giants who look pale 425  
 When the crushed worm rebels beneath your tread,  
 The vultures and the dogs, your pensioners tame,  
 Are overgorged ; but, like oppressors, still  
 They crave the relic of Destruction’s feast.  
 The exhalations and the thirsty winds 430  
 Are sick with blood ; the dew is foul with death ;  
 Heaven’s light is quenched in slaughter : thus, where’er  
 Upon your camps, cities, or towers, or fleets,  
 The obscene birds the reeking remnants cast 434  
 Of these dead limbs,—upon your streams and mountains,  
 Upon your fields, your gardens, and your house-tops,  
 Where’er the winds shall creep, or the clouds fly,

Or the dews fall, or the angry sun look down  
 With poisoned light—Famine and Pestilence,  
 And Panic, shall wage war upon our side! 440  
 Nature from all her boundaries is moved  
 Against ye: Time has found ye light as foam.  
 The Earth rebels; and Good and Evil stake  
 Their empire o'er the unborn world of men  
 On this one cast;—but ere the die be thrown, 445  
 The renovated genius of our race,  
 Proud umpire of the impious game, descends  
 A seraph-wingèd Victory, bestriding  
 The tempest of the Omnipotence of God,  
 Which sweeps all things to their appointed doom, 450  
 And you to oblivion!" — More he would have said,  
 But—

## MAHMUD.

Died—as thou shouldst ere thy lips had painted  
 Their ruin in the hues of our success.  
 A rebel's crime guilt with a rebel's tongue!  
 Your<sup>1</sup> heart is Greek, Hassan.

## HASSAN.

It may be so: 455  
 A spirit not my own wrenched me within,  
 And I have spoken words I fear and hate;  
 Yet would I die for—

## MAHMUD.

Live! O live! outlive  
 Me and this sinking empire. But the fleet—

<sup>1</sup> So in Shelley's and all other editions which I have consulted, except that of Mr. Rossetti, who substitutes

*Thy*, "for the sake of uniformity of diction."



HASSAN.

Alas !——

MAHMUD.

The fleet which, like a flock of clouds<sup>1</sup> 460  
 Chased by the wind, flies the insurgent banner.  
 Our wingèd-castles from their merchant ships!  
 Our myriads before their weak pirate bands!  
 Our arms before their chains! our years of empire  
 Before their centuries of servile fear! 465  
 Death is awake! Repulsèd on the waters,<sup>2</sup>  
 They own no more the thunder-bearing banner  
 Of Mahmud; but, like hounds of a base breed,  
 Gorge from a stranger's hand, and rend their master.

HASSAN.

Latmos, and Ampelos, and Phanæ, saw 470  
 The wreck——

<sup>1</sup> Although the opening of this speech of Mahmud, which is here pointed according to the first edition, might seem at first sight to be an accidentally unfinished sentence, I do not think there is really any imperfection; nor should I take it to be what Mr. Rossetti makes it (the first of the series of exclamatory sentences), by substituting a note of admiration for a full-stop after *banner*. It seems to me that Mahmud begins to draw Hassan to speak of the fleet,—that when he says “But the fleet” he means “But what do you say about the fleet?”—and that, on Hassan’s exclaiming “Alas!”—he finishes his own question with an amplifying affirmation in lines 460 and 461, and then, knowing something about the matter, bursts out in angry exclamations, to come back at last in line 476 to his demand on Hassan as narrator.

<sup>2</sup> This passage is of course punctuated as in Shelley’s edition; but Mr. Rossetti substitutes a note of exclamation for a comma after *waters*,—thus,

as he says, “making the phrase follow on along with the exclamatory sentences which precede it.” He adds that, with the original punctuation, “the only sense which can be attached to the clause is—‘We being repulsed on the waters, they [the waters] own no more the thunder-bearing banner of Mahmud.’ But,” he proceeds, “this sense, if intended, is expressed with a total defiance of syntax: and it seems to me a good deal safer to understand the meaning as I have given it.” This is another case of making out Shelley’s grammar laxer than it is; and it is also incorrect to say that the “only sense which can be attached” to Shelley’s version is that expounded by Mr. Rossetti. Another sense, to me perfectly obvious, is “They [the waters] own no more the thunder-bearing banner of Mahmud, [that banner being] repulsed on the waters.” Surely there can be no serious doubt that that is the meaning.

## MAHMUD.

The caves of the Icarian isles  
 Hold each to the other in loud mockery,<sup>1</sup>  
 And with the tongue as of a thousand echoes,  
 First of the sea-convulsing fight—and, then,—  
 Thou darest to speak—senseless are the mountains:<sup>2</sup> 475  
 Interpret thou their voice!

## HASSAN.

My presence bore  
 A part in that day's shame. The Grecian fleet  
 Bore down at day-break from the North, and hung  
 As multitudinous on the ocean line,  
 As cranes upon the cloudless Thracian wind. 480  
 Our squadron, convoying ten thousand men,  
 Was stretching towards Nauplia when the battle  
 Was kindled.—  
 First through the hail of our artillery  
 The agile Hydriote barks with press of sail 485  
 Dashed:—ship to ship, cannon to cannon, man  
 To man were grappled in the embrace of war,  
 Inextricable but by death or victory.  
 The tempest of the raging fight convulsed  
 To its crystalline<sup>3</sup> depths that stainless sea, 490  
 And shook Heaven's roof of golden morning clouds,

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's and Mrs. Shelley's editions this line is printed as above; but there is probably corruption somewhere. Mr. Rossetti changes *Hold to Told*, and suggests the omission of *the*, which I should prefer to retain in any case. It would, I think, be safer to substitute *its* for *in*: if any change is absolutely necessary, I have little doubt that that would be the right change. It would have been easier for a printer to mistake Shelley's *its* for *in* than his *Told* for *Hold*; and the former is a commoner pinter's

error than the latter, with any "copy." Again, I take this speech of Mahmud's to be a continuation of the subject with which his last concludes,—“the waters rend their master, and the caves hold mockery, or hold talk in mockery.”

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Rossetti suggests the insertion of *as* between *senseless* and *are*: it would certainly improve both sense and rhythm; but it cannot be said to be necessary.

<sup>3</sup> In Shelley's edition *chrystalline*.

Poised on an hundred azure mountain-isles.  
 In the brief trances of the artillery  
 One cry from the destroyed and the destroyer  
 Rose, and a cloud of desolation wrapt 495  
 The unforeseen event, till the north wind  
 Sprung from the sea, lifting the heavy veil  
 Of battle-smoke—then victory—victory!  
 For, as we thought, three frigates from Algiers  
 Bore down from Naxos to our aid, but soon 500  
 The abhorred cross glimmered behind, before,  
 Among, around us; and that fatal sign  
 Dried with its beams the strength in<sup>1</sup> Moslem hearts,  
 As the sun drinks the dew.—What more? We fled!—  
 Our noonday path over the sanguine foam 505  
 Was beacons,—and the glare struck the sun pale,—<sup>2</sup>  
 By our consuming transports: the fierce light  
 Made all the shadows of our sails blood-red,  
 And every countenance blank. Some ships lay feeding  
 The ravening fire, even to the water's level; 510  
 Some were blown up; some, settling heavily,  
 Sunk; and the shrieks of our companions died  
 Upon the wind, that bore us fast and far,  
 Even after they were dead. Nine thousand perished!  
 We met the vultures legions in the air 515  
 Stemming the torrent of the tainted wind;  
 They, screaming from their cloudy mountain peaks,  
 Stooped through the sulphurous battle-smoke and perched  
 Each on the weltering carcase that we loved,  
 Like its ill angel or its damnèd soul,<sup>3</sup> 520

<sup>1</sup> So in Shelley's edition; but *of* in Mrs. Shelley's and Mr. Rossetti's editions.

<sup>2</sup> In Shelley's edition and Mrs. Shelley's two editions of 1839 there is no stop whatever after *pale*,—clearly an accidental omission of the stop corres-

ponding with that after *beacons*. In some of Mrs. Shelley's later editions there is a comma at *beacons* and a comma at *pale*.

<sup>3</sup> In Shelley's edition there is a comma here, and a full-stop at the end of line 521. Mrs. Shelley trans-

Riding upon the bosom of the sea.  
 We saw the dog-fish hastening to their feast.  
 Joy waked the voiceless people of the sea,  
 And ravening Famine left his ocean cave  
 To dwell with War, with us, and with Despair.<sup>1</sup> 525  
 We met night three hours to the west of Patmos,  
 And<sup>2</sup> with night, tempest——

MAHMUD.

Cease !

(*Enter a Messenger.*)

MESSENGER.

Your Sublime Highness,  
 That Christian hound, the Muscovite Ambassador  
 Has left the city.—If the rebel fleet  
 Had anchored in the port, had victory 530  
 Crowned the Greek legions in the Hippodrome,  
 Panic were tamer.—Obedience and Mutiny,  
 Like giants in contention planet-struck,  
 Stand gazing on each other.—There is peace  
 In Stamboul.—

MAHMUD.

Is the grave not calmer still ? 535  
 Its ruins shall be mine.

poses these two stops ; but Mr. Rossetti reverts to the original reading. This, I have no doubt, is right, though the other is possible.

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition *Famine* has a capital, but *War* and *Despair* have

not, though all three words are alike used personally.

<sup>2</sup> So in Shelley's edition : Mrs. Shelley substituted *As* for *And*,—wrongly, there can be no doubt.

## HASSAN.

Fear not the Russian :

The tiger leagues not with the stag at bay  
 Against the hunter.—Cunning, base, and cruel,  
 He crouches, watching till the spoil be won,  
 And must be paid for his reserve in blood. 540  
 After the war is fought, yield the sleek Russian  
 That which thou canst<sup>1</sup> not keep, his deserved portion  
 Of blood, which shall not flow through streets and fields,  
 Rivers and seas, like that which we may win,  
 But stagnate in the veins of Christian slaves ! 545

*(Enter second Messenger.)*

## SECOND MESSENGER.

Nauplia, Tripolizza, Mothon, Athens,  
 Navarin, Artas, Monembasia,  
 Corinth and Thebes are carried by assault,  
 And every Islamite who made his dogs  
 Fat with the flesh of Galilean slaves 550  
 Passed at the edge of the sword : the lust of blood  
 Which made our warriors drunk, is quenched in death ;  
 But like a fiery plague breaks out anew  
 In deeds which make the Christian cause look pale  
 In its own light. The garrison of Patras 555  
 Has store but for ten days, nor is there hope  
 But from the Briton : at once slave and tyrant  
 His wishes still are weaker than his fears,  
 Or he would sell what faith may yet remain  
 From the oaths broke in Genoa and in Norway ; 560  
 And if you buy him not, your treasury  
 Is empty even of promises—his own coin.

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition *can'st*.

The freedman of a western poet chief<sup>1</sup>  
 Holds Attica with seven thousand rebels,  
 And has beat back the Pacha of Negropont : 565  
 The aged Ali sits in Yanina  
 A crownless metaphor of empire :  
 His name, that shadow of his withered might,  
 Holds our besieging army like a spell  
 In prey to famine, pest, and mutiny ; 570  
 He, bastioned in his citadel, looks forth  
 Joyless upon the sapphire lake that mirrors  
 The ruins of the city where he reigned  
 Childless and sceptreless. The Greek has reaped  
 The costly harvest his own blood matured, 575  
 Not the sower, Ali—who has bought a truce  
 From Ypsilanti with ten camel loads  
 Of Indian gold.

*(Enter a third Messenger.)*

MAHMUD.

What more ?

THIRD MESSENGER.

The Christian tribes  
 Of Lebanon and the Syrian wilderness  
 Are in revolt ;—Damascus, Hems, Aleppo 580  
 Tremble ;—the Arab menaces Medina,  
 The Æthiop<sup>2</sup> has intrenched himself in Sennaar,  
 And keeps the Egyptian rebel well employed,  
 Who denies homage, claims investiture

<sup>1</sup> See Shelley's note (4) at the end of the poem. Mrs. Shelley substitutes *freeman* for *freedman* in this line.

<sup>2</sup> In Shelley's edition, *Æthiop*, pro-

bably owing to the printer's and reviser's ignorance of his predilection for the diphthong.

As price of tardy aid. Persia demands 585  
 The cities on the Tigris, and the Georgians  
 Refuse their living tribute.<sup>1</sup> Crete and Cyprus,  
 Like mountain-twins that from each other's veins  
 Catch the volcano-fire and earthquake spasm,  
 Shake in the general fever. Through the city, 590  
 Like birds before a storm, the Santons shriek,  
 And prophesyings<sup>2</sup> horrible and new  
 Are heard among the crowd: that sea of men  
 Sleeps on the wrecks it made, breathless and still.  
 A Dervise, learned in the Koran, preaches 595  
 That it is written how the sins of Islam  
 Must raise up a destroyer even now.  
 The Greeks expect a Saviour from the west,<sup>3</sup>  
 Who shall not come, men say, in clouds and glory,  
 But in the omnipresence of that spirit 600  
 In which all live and are. Ominous signs  
 Are blazoned broadly on the noon-day sky:  
 One saw a red cross stamped upon the sun;  
 It has rained blood; and monstrous births declare  
 The secret wrath of Nature and her Lord. 605  
 The army encamped upon the Cydaris,  
 Was roused last night by the alarm of battle,  
 And saw two hosts conflicting in the air,  
 The shadows doubtless of the unborn time  
 Cast on the mirror of the night. While yet 610  
 The fight hung balanced, there arose a storm  
 Which swept the phantoms from among the stars.  
 At the third watch the spirit of the plague  
 Was heard abroad flapping among the tents;  
 Those who relieved watch found the sentinels dead. 615

<sup>1</sup> *Living tribute* = *tribute paid in slaves*,—in this case, I believe, selected virgins sent annually to the harem of the Sultan.

<sup>2</sup> In the first edition, *prophesyings*, with a *c.*

<sup>3</sup> See Shelley's note (5) at the end of the poem.

The last news from the camp is, that a thousand  
Have sickened, and——

(*Enter a fourth Messenger.*)

MAHMUD.

And thou, pale ghost, dim shadow  
Of some untimely rumour, speak!

FOURTH MESSENGER.

One comes  
Fainting with toil, covered with foam and blood :  
He stood, he says, upon Chelonites'<sup>1</sup> 620  
Promontory, which o'erlooks the isles that groan  
Under the Briton's frown, and all their waters  
Then trembling in the splendour of the moon,  
When as the wandering clouds unveiled or hid  
Her boundless light, he saw two adverse fleets 625  
Stalk through the night in the horizon's glimmer,  
Mingling fierce thunders and sulphureous gleams,  
And smoke which strangled every infant wind  
That soothed the silver clouds through the deep air.  
At length the battle slept, but the Scirocco<sup>2</sup> 630  
Awoke, and drove his flock of thunder-clouds  
Over the sea-horizon, blotting out  
All objects—save that in the faint moon-glimpse  
He saw, or dreamed he saw, the Turkish admiral  
And two the loftiest of our ships of war, 635  
With the bright image of that Queen of Heaven

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Rossetti, who first prints this word rightly, *Chelonites*', is wrong in saying generally that it has been "hitherto printed" *Clelonit*'s. That form first occurs in Mrs. Shelley's first edition of 1839 : in Shelley's edition

it is *Clelonite*'s,—the *l* being doubtless a misprint, and the misplacing of the apostrophe probably another.

<sup>2</sup> In Shelley's edition, *Sirocco* ; but I do not think he wrote it so.



Who hid, perhaps, her face for grief, reversed;  
And the abhorred cross—

*(Enter an Attendant.)*

ATTENDANT.

Your Sublime Highness,<sup>1</sup>

The Jew, who——

MAHMUD.

Could not come more seasonably:

Bid him attend. I'll hear no more! too long 640  
We gaze on danger through the mist of fear,  
And multiply upon our shattered hopes  
The images of ruin. Come what will!  
To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps  
Set in our path to light us to the edge 645  
Through rough and smooth, nor can we suffer aught  
Which he inflicts not in whose hand we are. [*Exeunt.*]

SEMICHORUS I.

Would I were the wingèd cloud  
Of a tempest swift and loud!  
I would scorn 650  
The smile of morn  
And the wave where the moon rise is born!  
I would leave  
The spirits of eve  
A shroud for the corpse of the day to weave 655  
From other threads than mine!  
Bask in the blue noon divine  
Who would, not I.

<sup>1</sup> This comma is wanting in the original edition: it was supplied in Mrs. Shelley's first edition of 1839.

## SEMICHORUS II.

Whither to fly ?

## SEMICHORUS I.

Where the rocks that gird th'<sup>1</sup> Ægean 660  
 Echo to the battle pæan  
 Of the free—  
 I would flee  
 A tempestuous herald of victory !  
 My golden rain 665  
 For the Grecian slain  
 Should mingle in tears with the bloody main,  
 And my solemn thunder knell  
 Should ring to the world the passing bell  
 Of tyranny ! 670

## SEMICHORUS II.

Ah king! wilt thou chain  
 The rack and the rain ?  
 Wilt thou fetter the lightning and hurricane ?  
 The storms are free,  
 But we— 675

## CHORUS.

O Slavery! thou frost of the world's prime,  
 Killing its flowers and leaving its thorns bare!  
 Thy touch has stamped these limbs with crime,  
 These brows thy branding garland bear,

<sup>1</sup> This contraction I leave as I find it in Shelley's edition. I do not feel convinced that it was his; but it is not sufficient evidence, for restoring the uncontracted *the*, that he frequently leaves such a redundancy un-

marked by any contraction, and that, only twenty lines further on in his edition (in line 680), we have *the impassive*, where one might naturally think *th' impassive* was as much required as *th' Ægean* is here.

But the free heart, the impassive soul  
Scorn thy control!

690

## SEMICHORUS I.

Let there be light! said Liberty,  
And like sunrise from the sea,  
Athens arose!—Around her born,  
Shone like mountains in the morn  
Glorious states;—and are they now  
Ashes, wrecks, oblivion?

695

## SEMICHORUS II.

Go,  
Where Thermæ and Asopus swallowed  
Persia, as the sand does foam.  
Deluge upon deluge followed,  
Discord, Macedon, and Rome:  
And lastly thou!

699

## SEMICHORUS I.

Temples and towers,  
Citadels and marts, and they  
Who live and die there, have been ours,  
And may be thine, and must decay;  
But Greece and her foundations are  
Built below the tide of war,  
Based on the crystalline<sup>1</sup> sea  
Of thought and its eternity;  
Her citizens, imperial spirits,  
Rule the present from the past,  
On all this world of men inherits  
Their seal is set.

695

700

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition the second syllable is not accented.

## SEMICHORUS II.

Hear ye the blast,  
 Whose Orphic thunder thrilling calls  
 From ruin her Titanian walls? 705  
 Whose spirit shakes the sapless bones  
 Of Slavery? Argos, Corinth, Crete  
 Hear, and from their mountain thrones  
 The dæmons and the nymphs repeat  
 The harmony.

## SEMICHORUS I.

I hear! I hear! 710

## SEMICHORUS II.

The world's eyeless charioteer,  
 Destiny, is hurrying by!  
 What faith is crushed, what empire bleeds  
 Beneath her earthquake-footed steeds?  
 What eagle-winged victory sits 715  
 At her right hand? what shadow flits  
 Before? what splendour rolls behind?  
 Ruin and renovation cry  
 Who but We?

## SEMICHORUS I.

I hear! I hear!  
 The hiss as of a rushing wind, 720  
 The roar as of an ocean foaming,  
 The thunder as of earthquake coming.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition there is a full-stop here, in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 a comma, in some of her later editions no stop at all, and in Mr. Rossetti's a note of exclamation,—the

notes of exclamation at *I hear! I hear!* being omitted by the last named editor. The reading of Shelley's edition seems to me the best intrinsically, as well as the most authoritative.

I hear! I hear!

The crash as of an empire falling,  
The shrieks as of a people calling 725  
Mercy! mercy!—How they thrill!  
Then a shout of “kill! kill! kill!”  
And then a small still voice, thus—

SEMICHORUS II.

Fear<sup>1</sup>

Revenge and Wrong<sup>2</sup> bring forth their kind,  
The foul cubs like their parents are, 730  
Their den is in the guilty mind,  
And Conscience feeds them with despair.

SEMICHORUS I.

In sacred Athens, near the fane  
Of Wisdom, Pity's altar stood:  
Serve not the unknown God in vain, 735  
But pay that broken shrine again,  
Love for hate and tears for blood.

(*Enter MAHMUD and AHASUERUS.*)

MAHMUD.

Thou art a man thou sayest even as we.

AHASUERUS.

No more!

MAHMUD.

But raised above thy fellow men  
By thought, as I by power.

<sup>1</sup> The word here is *For* in Shelley's edition and all others which I have consulted save that of Mr. Rossetti, who must certainly be right in sub-

stituting *Fear*.

<sup>2</sup> In Shelley's edition, *wrong*, with a small *w*, though used personally like the other common nouns here.

## AHASUERUS.

Thou sayest so.

740

## MAHMUD.

Thou art an adept in the difficult lore  
 Of Greek and Frank philosophy; thou numberest  
 The flowers, and thou measurest the stars;  
 Thou severest element from element;  
 Thy spirit is present in the past, and sees 745  
 The birth of this old world through all its cycles  
 Of desolation and of loveliness,  
 And when man was not, and how man became  
 The monarch and the slave of this low sphere,  
 And all its narrow circles—it is much— 750  
 I honour thee, and would be what thou art  
 Were I not what I am; but the unborn hour,  
 Cradled in fear and hope, conflicting storms,  
 Who shall unveil? Nor thou, nor I, nor any  
 Mighty or wise. I apprehend not<sup>1</sup> 755  
 What thou hast taught me, but I now perceive  
 That thou art no interpreter of dreams;  
 Thou dost not own that art, device, or God,  
 Can make the future present—let it come!  
 Moreover thou disdainest us and ours; 760  
 Thou art as God, whom thou contemplatest.

<sup>1</sup> This short line is probably corrupted: Mr. Rossetti says that "it may *safely* be pronounced misprinted." Certainly the sense is not very appropriate as it stands: and the metre is defective; but to add the word *yet*, or, as Mr. Rossetti suggests, *well*, would only remedy the metre, leaving the sense much as it is. I should be more disposed, if anything were to be

done to end the line with *I apprehend and note*, because the whole speech is that of a man who does apprehend, not of a man who fails to apprehend; and the words *I apprehend not what thou hast taught me* are self-contradictory: if Ahasuerus had taught him anything he must have apprehended it. *I apprehended not [before I was taught]* might do.

## AHASUERUS.

Disdain thee?—not the worm beneath my feet!  
 The Fathomless has care for meaner things  
 Than thou canst dream, and has made pride for those  
 Who would be what they may not, or would seem 765  
 That which they are not. Sultan! talk no more  
 Of thee and me, the future and the past;  
 But look on that which cannot change—the One,<sup>1</sup>  
 The unborn and the undying. Earth and ocean,  
 Space, and the isles of life or light that gem 770  
 The sapphire floods of interstellar air,  
 This firmament pavilioned upon chaos,  
 With all its cressets of immortal fire,  
 Whose outwall, bastioned impregnably  
 Against the escape of boldest thoughts, repels them 775  
 As Calpe the Atlantic clouds—this Whole  
 Of suns, and worlds, and men, and beasts, and flowers,  
 With all the silent or tempestuous workings  
 By which they have been, are, or cease to be,  
 Is but a vision;—all that it inherits 780  
 Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles and dreams;  
 Thought is its cradle and its grave, nor less  
 The future and the past are idle shadows  
 Of thought's eternal flight—they have no being:  
 Nought is but that which<sup>2</sup> feels itself to be. 785

## MAHMUD.

What meanest thou? Thy words stream like a tempest  
 Of dazzling mist within my brain—they shake  
 The earth on which I stand, and hang like night  
 On Heaven above me. What can they avail?

<sup>1</sup> There is no comma at *One* in Shelley's edition.

<sup>2</sup> So in Shelley's edition; but we

read *it* for *which* in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 and onwards. Mr. Rossetti restored the right reading.

HELLAS.

47

They cast on all things surest, brightest, best, 790  
Doubt, insecurity, astonishment.

AHASUERUS.

Mistake me not! All is contained in each.  
Dodona's forest to an acorn's cup  
Is that which has been, or will be, to that  
Which is—the absent to the present. Thought 795  
Alone, and its quick elements, Will, Passion,  
Reason, Imagination, cannot die;  
They are, what that which they regard appears,  
The stuff whence mutability can weave  
All that it hath dominion o'er, worlds, worms, 800  
Empires, and superstitions. What has thought  
To do with time, or place, or circumstance?  
Wouldst<sup>1</sup> thou behold the future?—ask and have!  
Knock and it shall be opened—look and, lo!  
The coming age is shadowed on the past 805  
As on a glass.

MAHMUD.

Wild, wilder thoughts convulse  
My spirit—Did not Mahomet the Second  
Win Stamboul?

AHASUERUS.

Thou wouldst ask that giant spirit  
The written fortunes of thy house and faith.  
Thou wouldst cite one out of the grave to tell 810  
How what was born in blood must die.

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition we read *would'st*; and in the 51 lines following there are, in that edition, several of these needless apostrophes, namely in the words *would'st* in lines 808, 810, and 854, *engin'ry* in line 819, *see'st* in lines 830, 841, and 851, and *may'st* in lines 844 and 848.



MAHMUD.

Thy words

Have power on me ! I see——

AHASUERUS.

What hearest thou ?

MAHMUD.

A far whisper——

Terrible silence.

AHASUERUS.

What succeeds ?

MAHMUD.

The sound <sup>1</sup>

As of the assault of an imperial city,	815
The hiss of inextinguishable fire,	
The roar of giant cannon ; the earthquaking	
Fall of vast bastions and precipitous towers,	
The shock of crags shot from strange enginery,	
The clash of wheels, and clang of armed hoofs,	820
And crash of brazen mail as of the wreck	
Of adamantine mountains—the mad blast	
Of trumpets, and the neigh of raging steeds,	
And shrieks of women whose thrill jars the blood,	
And one sweet laugh, most horrible to hear,	825
As of a joyous infant waked and playing	
With its dead mother's breast, and now more loud	
The mingled battle-cry,—ha ! hear I not	
Εν τούτῳ νικῇ. Allah, Illah, Allah !	

<sup>1</sup> See Shelley's note (6) at the end of the poem.

AHASUERUS.<sup>1</sup>

The sulphurous mist is raised—thou seest—

## MAHMUD.

A chasm,

839

As of two mountains in the wall of Stamboul;  
 And in that ghastly breach the Islamites,  
 Like giants on the ruins of a world,  
 Stand in the light of sunrise. In the dust  
 Glimmers a kingless diadem, and one  
 Of regal port has cast himself beneath  
 The stream of war. Another proudly clad  
 In golden arms spurs a Tartarian barb  
 Into the gap, and with his iron mace  
 Directs the torrent of that tide of men,  
 And seems—he is—Mahomet!

835

840

## AHASUERUS.

What thou seest

Is but the ghost of thy forgotten dream.  
 A dream itself, yet less, perhaps, than that  
 Thou call'st reality. Thou mayst behold  
 How cities, on which Empire sleeps enthroned,  
 Bow their towered crests to mutability.  
 Poised by the flood, e'en on the height thou holdest,  
 Thou mayst now learn how the full tide of power  
 Ebbs to its depths.—Inheritor of glory,  
 Conceived in darkness, born in blood, and nourished  
 With tears and toil, thou seest the mortal throes  
 Of that whose birth was but the same. The Past  
 Now stands before thee like an Incarnation  
 Of the To-come; yet wouldst thou commune with  
 That portion of thyself which was ere thou

845

850

855

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition, *Ahasuerus* in this instance.

Didst start for this brief race whose crown is death,  
 Dissolve with that strong faith and fervent passion  
 Which called it from the uncreated deep,  
 Yon cloud of war, with its tempestuous phantoms  
 Of raging death ; and draw with mighty will 860  
 The imperial shade hither.

(*Exit* AHASUERUS.

MAHMUD.

Approach !

PHANTOM.

I come  
 Thence whither thou must go ! The grave is fitter  
 To take the living than give up the dead ;  
 Yet has thy faith prevailed, and I am here.  
 The heavy fragments of the power which fell 865  
 When I arose, like shapeless crags and clouds,  
 Hang round my throne on the abyss, and voices  
 Of strange lament soothe my supreme repose,  
 Wailing for glory never to return.—

A later Empire nods in its decay : 870  
 The autumn of a greener faith is come,  
 And wolfish change, like winter, howls to strip  
 The foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built  
 Her aërie,<sup>1</sup> while Dominion whelped below.  
 The storm is in its branches, and the frost 875  
 Is on its leaves, and the blank deep expects  
 Oblivion on oblivion, spoil on spoil,  
 Ruin on ruin :—Thou art slow, my son ;  
 The Anarchs of the world of darkness keep  
 A throne for thee, round which thine empire lies 880  
 Boundless and mute ; and for thy subjects thou,

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition, *aîry*.

Like us, shalt<sup>1</sup> rule the ghosts of murdered life,  
 The phantoms of the powers who rule thee now—  
 Mutinous passions, and conflicting fears,  
 And hopes that sate themselves on dust and die!— 885  
 Stript of their mortal strength, as thou of thine.  
 Islam must fall, but we will reign together  
 Over its ruins in the world of death:—  
 And if the trunk be dry, yet shall the seed  
 Unfold itself even in the shape of that 890  
 Which gathers birth in its decay. Woe! woe!  
 To the weak people tangled in the grasp  
 Of its last spasms.

## MAHMUD.

Spirit, woe to all!  
 Woe to the wronged and the avenger! Woe  
 To the destroyer, woe to the destroyed! 895  
 Woe to the dupe, and woe to the deceiver!  
 Woe to the oppressed, and woe to the oppressor!  
 Woe both to those that suffer and inflict;  
 Those who are born and those who die! but say,  
 Imperial shadow of the thing I am, 900  
 When, how, by whom, Destruction must accomplish  
 Her consummation?

## PHANTOM.

Ask the cold pale Hour,  
 Rich in reversion of impending death,  
 When *he* shall fall upon whose ripe grey hairs  
 Sit Care, and Sorrow, and Infirmary— 905  
 The weight which Crime, whose wings are plumed with years,  
 Leaves in his flight from ravaged heart to heart

<sup>1</sup> In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *shall*.

Over the heads of men, under which burthen  
 They bow themselves unto the grave : fond wretch !  
 He leans upon his crutch, and talks of years 910  
 To come, and how in hours of youth renewed  
 He will renew lost joys, and——

*Voice without.*

Victory ! Victory !

*(The Phantom vanishes.*

MAHMUD.

What sound of the importunate earth has broken  
 My mighty trance ?

*Voice without.*

Victory ! Victory !

MAHMUD.

Weak lightning before darkness ! poor faint smile 915  
 Of dying Islam ! Voice which art the response  
 Of hollow weakness ! Do I wake and live ?  
 Were there such things, or may the unquiet brain,  
 Vexed by the wise mad talk of the old Jew,  
 Have shaped itself these shadows of its fear ? 920  
 It matters not !—for nought we see or dream,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This comma and that at the end of line 923 are wanting in Shelley's edition ; and I have very little doubt that they were wanting in the MS. sent to press. It is difficult to determine whether the frequent absence of absolutely necessary points at the end of lines arose from such accidents as narrowness of paper, or from an undefined notion that the division between line and line might be used as a sufficient pause upon occasion ; but certain it is that the number of stops

omitted when they would be at the end of lines is very remarkable in the MS. of *Julian and Maddalo* sent to Leigh Hunt for publication. There I have little doubt that narrowness of paper was the general cause of omission,—the MS. being prepared with exquisite care, on very small leaves ; but, not knowing the size and style of the *Hellas* MS., I find the question of the punctuation of that poem more difficult, though I think Shelley would have assented to these two

Possess, or lose, or grasp at, can be worth  
 More than it gives or teaches. Come what may,  
 The future must become the past, and I  
 As they were to whom once this present hour, 925  
 This gloomy crag of time to which I cling,  
 Seemed an Elysian isle of peace and joy  
 Never to be attained.—I must rebuke  
 This drunkenness of triumph ere it die,  
 And dying, bring despair. Victory! poor slaves! 930

*(Exit Mahmud.*

*Voice without.*

Shout in the jubilee of death! The Greeks  
 Are as a brood of lions in the net  
 Round which the kingly hunters of the earth  
 Stand smiling. Anarchs, ye whose daily food  
 Are curses, groans, and gold, the fruit of death 935  
 From Thule to the girdle of the world,  
 Come, feast! the board groans with the flesh of men;  
 The cup is foaming with a nation's blood,  
 Famine and Thirst await! eat, drink, and die!

SEMICHORUS I.

Victorious Wrong, with vulture scream, 940  
 Salutes the risen sun, pursues the flying day!  
 I saw her, ghastly as a tyrant's dream,  
 Perch on the trembling pyramid of night,  
 Beneath which earth and all her realms pavilioned lay  
 In visions of the dawning undelight. 945  
 Who shall impede her flight?  
 Who rob her of her prey?

commas being introduced, as I am the opportunity of decision in several  
 certain he would have done had he had cases in *Julian and Maddalo*.

*Voice without.*

Victory! Victory! Russia's famished eagles  
 Dare not to prey beneath the crescent's light.  
 Impale the remnant of the Greeks! despoil! 950  
 Violate! make their flesh cheaper than dust!

## SEMICHORUS II.

Thou voice which art  
 The herald of the ill in splendour hid!  
 Thou echo of the hollow heart  
 Of monarchy, bear me to thine abode 955  
 When desolation flashes o'er a world destroyed:  
 Oh, bear me to those isles of jagged cloud  
 Which float like mountains on the earthquake<sup>1</sup>, mid  
 The momentary oceans of the lightning,  
 Or to some toppling promontory proud 960  
 Of solid tempest whose black pyramid,  
 Riven, overhangs the founts intensely brightning  
 Of those dawn-tinted deluges of fire  
 Before their waves expire,  
 When heaven and earth are light, and only light 965  
 In the thunder night!

*Voice without.*

Victory! Victory! Austria, Russia, England,  
 And that tame serpent, that poor shadow, France,  
 Cry peace, and that means death when monarchs speak.  
 Ho, there! bring torches, sharpen those red stakes, 970  
 These chains are light, fitter for slaves and poisoners  
 Than Greeks. Kill! plunder! burn! let none remain.

<sup>1</sup> In Mrs. Shelley's and Mr. Rossetti's editions, *earthquakes*. The word is singular in Shelley's edition, of course rightly.

## SEMICHORUS I.

Alas! for Liberty!  
 If numbers, wealth, or unfulfilling years,  
     Or fate, can quell the free! 975  
     Alas! for Virtue, when  
 Torments, or contumely, or the sneers  
     Of erring judging men  
 Can break the heart where it abides.  
 Alas! if Love, whose smile makes this obscure world splendid,  
     Can change with its false times and tides, 981  
     Like hope and terror,—  
     Alas for Love!  
 And Truth, who wanderest lone and unbefriended,  
 If thou canst veil thy lie-consuming mirror 985  
     Before the dazzled eyes of Error,  
 Alas for thee! Image of the Above.

## SEMICHORUS II.

Repulse, with plumes from conquest torn,  
 Led the ten thousand from the limits of the morn  
     Through many an hostile Anarchy! 990  
 At length they wept aloud, and cried, "the Sea! the Sea!"  
     Through exile, persecution, and despair,  
     Rome was, and young Atlantis shall become  
     The wonder, or the terror, or the tomb  
 Of all whose step wakes Power<sup>1</sup> lulled in her savage lair:  
     But Greece was as a hermit child, 995  
     Whose fairest thoughts and limbs were built  
     To woman's growth, by dreams so mild,  
     She knew not pain or guilt;  
 And now, O Victory, blush! and Empire tremble 1000  
     When ye desert the free—  
     If Greece must be

<sup>1</sup> In Shelley's edition, *power*, with a small *p*.



A wreck, yet shall its fragments re-assemble,  
 And build themselves again impregnably  
     In a diviner clime,<sup>1</sup>  
 To Amphionic music on some Cape sublime,  
 Which frowns above the idle foam of Time.

1005

## SEMICHORUS I.

Let the tyrants rule the desert<sup>2</sup> they have made;  
     Let the free possess the paradise they claim;  
 Be the fortune of our fierce oppressors weighed  
     With our ruin, our resistance, and our name!

1010

## SEMICHORUS II.

Our dead shall be the seed of their decay,  
     Our survivors be the shadow of their pride,  
 Our adversity a dream to pass away—  
     Their dishonour a remembrance to abide!

1015

*Voice without.*

Victory! Victory! The bought Briton sends  
 The keys of ocean to the Islamite.—  
 Now shall the blazon of the cross be veiled,  
 And British skill directing Othman might,  
 Thunder-strike rebel victory. O keep holy  
 This jubilee of unrevengèd blood—  
 Kill! crush! despoil! Let not a Greek escape!

1020

## SEMICHORUS. I.

Darkness has dawned in the East  
     On the noon of time:  
 The death-birds descend to their feast,  
     From the hungry clime.

1025

<sup>1</sup> A full-stop in Shelley's edition.case,—although in line 91 of *Hellas*<sup>2</sup> In Shelley's edition, *desert* in thiswe get his usual orthography, *desart*.

Let Freedom and Peace flee far  
 To a sunnier strand,  
 And follow Love's folding star  
 To the Evening land!

1030

## SEMICHORUS II.

The young moon has fed  
 Her exhausted horn,  
 With the sunset's fire :  
 The weak day is dead,  
 But the night is not born ;  
 And, like loveliness panting with wild desire  
 While it trembles with fear and delight,  
 Hesperus flies from awakening night,  
 And pants in its beauty and speed with light  
 Fast flashing, soft, and bright.  
 Thou beacon of love! thou lamp of the free!  
 Guide us far, far away,  
 To climes where now veiled by the ardour of day  
 Thou art hidden  
 From waves on which weary noon,  
 Faints in her summer swoon,  
 Between Kingless continents sinless as Eden,  
 Around mountains and islands inviolably  
 Prankt on the sapphire sea.

1035

1040

1045

## SEMICHORUS I.

Through the sunset of hope,  
 Like the shapes of a dream,  
 What Paradise islands of glory gleam!  
 Beneath Heaven's cope,  
 Their shadows more clear float by—  
 The sound of their oceans, the light of their sky,  
 The music and fragrance their solitudes breathe

1050

1055

Burst, like morning on dream, or like Heaven on death  
 Through the walls of our prison;  
 And Greece, which was dead, is arisen!

## CHORUS.

The world's great age begins anew,<sup>1</sup> 1060  
 The golden years return,  
 The earth doth like a snake renew  
 Her winter weeds outworn:  
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,  
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream. 1065

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
 From waves serener far;  
 A new Peneus rolls his<sup>2</sup> fountains  
 Against the morning-star.  
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep 1070  
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo<sup>3</sup> cleaves the main,<sup>4</sup>  
 Fraught with a later prize;  
 Another Orpheus sings again,  
 And loves, and weeps, and dies. 1075  
 A new Ulysses leaves once more  
 Calypso for his native shore.

O, write no more the tale of Troy,  
 If earth Death's scroll must be!  
 Nor mix with Laian rage the joy 1080  
 Which dawns upon the free:  
 Although a subtler Sphinx renew  
 Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

<sup>1</sup> See Shelley's note (7) at the end of the poem.

<sup>2</sup> So in Shelley's edition, but *its* in Mrs. Shelley's from 1839 onwards.

<sup>3</sup> In Shelley's edition, *Argos*.

<sup>4</sup> In Shelley's edition and in Mrs. Shelley's two editions of 1839, this and the preceding stanza are run into one.

Another Athens shall arise,  
 And to remoter time 1085  
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
 The splendour of its prime;<sup>1</sup>  
 And leave, if nought so bright may live,  
 All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose<sup>2</sup> 1090  
 Shall burst, more bright and good  
 Than all who fell, than One who rose,  
 Than many unsubdued:<sup>3</sup>  
 Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,<sup>4</sup>  
 But votive tears and symbol flowers. 1095

O cease! must hate and death return?  
 Cease! must men kill and die?  
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn  
 Of bitter prophecy.  
 The world is weary of the past, 1100  
 O might it die or rest at last!

<sup>1</sup> There is a full-stop here in Shelley's edition: a semi-colon is substituted in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

<sup>2</sup> See Shelley's note (8).

<sup>3</sup> In Shelley's edition the words  
 more bright and good  
 Than all who fell, than One who rose,  
 Than many unsubdued:

are omitted; and their place is supplied by asterisks. I presume the foretold resurrection of Saturn and Love, "more bright and good" than Christ, was too much for Mr. Ollier's peace of mind in those days of prosecution for "seditious and blasphemous libel;" and Shelley had given him leave to make omissions from the notes. The

passage is supplied in Mrs. Shelley's editions as given in the text; but in Galignani's edition of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats (Paris, 1829), and in Ascham's edition of Shelley's Poems (2 vols, foolscap 8vo., 1834) the passage is differently given: in those editions we read *wise* for *bright* in line 1091, and *unwithstood* for *unsubdued* in line 1093,—on what authority I know not. Both those editions read *native* for *votive* in line 1095; but that probably arose from a misprint in Galignani's, copied into Ascham's.

<sup>4</sup> This comma is wanting in Shelley's edition.

THE END.

[OF HELLAS.]

The imprint, which comes here, is as follows:—

Printed by S. and R. Bentley.  
 Dorset Street, Fleet Street, London.

## NOTES.

[BY SHELLEY.]

(1) *The quenchless ashes of Milan* [line 60].

MILAN was the centre of the resistance of the Lombard league against the Austrian tyrant. Frederic Barbarossa burnt the city to the ground, but liberty lived in its ashes, and it rose like an exhalation from its ruin. See Sismondi's "*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*," a book which has done much towards awakening the Italians to an imitation of their great ancestors.

(2) *The Chorus* [line 197 *et seq.*].

The popular notions of Christianity are represented in this chorus as true in their relation to the worship they superseded, and that which in all probability they will supersede, without considering their merits in a relation more universal. The first stanza contrasts the immortality of the living and thinking beings which inhabit the planets, and to use a common and inadequate phrase, *clothe themselves in matter*,<sup>1</sup> with the transience of the noblest manifestations of the external world.

The concluding verses indicate a progressive state of more or less exalted existence, according to the degree of perfection which every distinct intelligence may have attained. Let it not be supposed that I mean to dogmatize upon a subject, concerning which all men are equally ignorant, or that I think the Gordian knot of the origin of evil can be disentangled by that or any similar asser-

<sup>1</sup> There is no comma here in Shelley's edition.

tions. The received hypothesis of a Being resembling men in the moral attributes of his nature, having called us out of non-existence, and after inflicting on us the misery of the commission of error, should<sup>1</sup> superadd that of the punishment and the privations consequent upon it, still would remain inexplicable and incredible. That there is a true solution of the riddle, and that in our present state that solution is unattainable by us, are propositions which may be regarded as equally certain: meanwhile, as it is the province of the poet to attach himself to those ideas which exalt and ennoble humanity, let him be permitted to have conjectured the condition of that futurity towards which we are all impelled by an inextinguishable thirst for immortality. Until better arguments can be produced than sophisms which disgrace the cause, this desire itself must remain the strongest and the only presumption that eternity is the inheritance of every thinking being.

(3) *No hoary priests*<sup>2</sup> *after that Patriarch* [line 245].

The Greek Patriarch after having been compelled to fulminate an anathema against the insurgents was put to death by the Turks.

Fortunately the Greeks have been taught that they cannot buy security by degradation, and the Turks, though equally cruel, are less cunning than the smooth-faced tyrants of Europe. As to the anathema, his Holiness might as well have thrown his mitre at Mount Athos for any effect that it produced. The chiefs of the Greeks are almost all men of comprehension and enlightened views on religion and politics.

<sup>1</sup> This brusque change of construction is a really unfortunate oversight, apparently resulting from Shelley's haste; but, as it is impossible to say what part of the sentence he would have altered had he discovered his mistake, I can see nothing for it but

to leave things as they are. Mr. Rossetti substitutes *who, after inflicting* for *and after inflicting*, without noting that he has done so.

<sup>2</sup> In Shelley's edition *priest*,—a misquotation of his own text.

(4) *The freedman of a western poet chief* [line 563].

A Greek who had been Lord Byron's servant commands the insurgents in Attica. This Greek, Lord Byron informs me, though a poet and an enthusiastic patriot, gave him rather the idea of a timid and unenterprising person.<sup>1</sup> It appears that circumstances make men what they are, and that we all contain the germ of a degree of degradation or of greatness whose connexion with our character is determined by events.

(5) *The Greeks expect a Saviour from the West* [line 598].

It is reported that this Messiah had arrived at a seaport near Lacedæmon in an American brig. The association of names and ideas is irresistibly ludicrous, but the prevalence of such a rumour strongly marks the state of popular enthusiasm in Greece.

(6) *The sound as of the<sup>2</sup> assault of an Imperial City* [line 815].

For the vision of Mahmud of the taking of Constantinople in 1453,<sup>3</sup> See Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," vol. xii. p. 223.

The manner of the invocation of the spirit of Mahomet the Second will be censured as over subtle.<sup>4</sup> I could easily have made the Jew a regular conjuror, and the Phantom an ordinary ghost. I have preferred to represent the Jew as disclaiming all pretension, or even belief, in

<sup>1</sup> According to Moore's Life of Byron, this man's name was Demetrius Zograffo.

<sup>2</sup> In Shelley's edition the passage is misquoted at the head of the note, thus: *The sound is of an Assault.*

I presume the notes were written after the poem had left his hands.

<sup>3</sup> In Shelley's edition, 1445 is given as the date.

<sup>4</sup> Mrs. Shelley substitutes *overdrawn* for *over subtle*.

supernatural agency, and as tempting Mahmud to that state of mind in which ideas may be supposed to assume the force of sensations through the confusion of thought with the objects of thought, and the excess of passion animating the creations of<sup>1</sup> imagination.

It is a sort of natural magic, susceptible of being exercised in a degree by any one who should have made himself master of the secret associations of another's thoughts.

(7) *The Chorus* [line 1060 *et seq.*]<sup>2</sup>

The final chorus is indistinct and obscure, as the event of the living drama whose arrival it foretells. Prophecies of wars, and rumours of wars, &c. may safely be made by poet or prophet in any age, but to anticipate however darkly a period of regeneration and happiness is a more hazardous exercise of the faculty which bards possess or feign. It will remind the reader "*magno nec proximus intervallo*" of Isaiah and Virgil, whose ardent spirits overleaping the actual reign of evil which we endure and bewail, already saw the possible and perhaps approaching state of society in which the "*lion shall lie down with the lamb*," and "*omnis feret omnia tellus*." Let these great names be my authority and my<sup>3</sup> excuse.

(8) *Saturn and Love their long repose shall  
burst* [line 1090].

Saturn and Love were among the deities of a real or imaginary state of innocence and happiness. *All* those *who fell*, or the Gods of Greece, Asia, and Egypt; the *One who rose*, or Jesus Christ, at whose appearance the idols of

<sup>1</sup> In Mrs. Shelley's edition we read  
*of the imagination*.

<sup>2</sup> In Shelley's edition this note is

headed "*Note (7)*", instead of being uniform with the others.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Shelley omits this second *my*.



the Pagan World were amerced of their worship;<sup>1</sup> and *the many unsubdued*, or the monstrous objects of the idolatry of China, India, the Antarctic islands, and the native tribes of America, certainly have reigned over the understandings of men in conjunction or in succession, during periods in which all we know of evil has been in a state of portentous, and, until the revival of learning and the arts, perpetually increasing activity. The Grecian gods seem indeed to have been personally more innocent, although it cannot be said, that as far as temperance and chastity are concerned, they gave so edifying an example as their successor. The sublime human character of Jesus Christ was deformed by an imputed identification with a power, who tempted, betrayed, and punished the innocent beings who were called into existence by his sole will; and for the period of a thousand years, the spirit of this most just, wise, and benevolent of men, has been propitiated with myriads of hecatombs of those who approached the nearest to his innocence and wisdom, sacrificed under every aggravation of atrocity and variety of torture.<sup>2</sup> The horrors of the Mexican, the Peruvian, and the Indian superstitions are well known.

<sup>1</sup> This passage from *the One to worship* was omitted from the first edition.

<sup>2</sup> This passage from *so edifying to*

*varied of torture* was omitted from the first edition, where we read instead the three words *very edifying examples*.

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE  
DEATH OF NAPOLEON.<sup>1</sup>

---

WHAT! alive and so bold, oh earth?  
 Art thou not overbold?  
 What! leapest thou forth as of old  
 In the light of thy morning mirth,  
 The last of the flock of the starry fold? 5  
 Ha! leapest thou forth as of old?  
 Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,  
 And canst thou move,<sup>2</sup> Napoleon being dead?

How! is not thy quick heart cold?  
 What spark is alive on thy hearth? 10  
 How! is not *his* death-knell knolled?  
 And livest *thou* still, Mother Earth?  
 Thou wert warming thy fingers old  
 O'er the embers covered and cold  
 Of that most fiery spirit, when it fled— 15  
 What, Mother, do you laugh now he is dead?

"Who has known me of old," replied Earth,  
 "Or who has my story told?  
 It is thou who art overbold."  
 And the lightning of scorn laughed forth 20

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Shelley places this poem among those written in 1821. is substituted for *more* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

<sup>2</sup> So in Shelley's edition; but *more*

As she sung, "to my bosom I fold  
 All my sons when their knell is knolled,  
 And so with living motion all are fed,  
 And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.

"Still alive and still bold," shouted Earth,

23

"I grow bolder and still more bold.

The dead fill me ten thousand fold  
 Fuller of speed, and splendour, and mirth,  
 I was cloudy, and sullen, and cold,  
 Like a frozen chaos uprolled,  
 Till by the spirit of the mighty dead  
 My heart grew warm. I feed on whom I fed.



30

"Aye, alive and still bold," muttered Earth,

"Napoleon's fierce spirit rolled,

In terror and blood and gold,

35

A torrent of ruin to death from his birth.

Leave the millions who follow to mould

The metal before it be cold ;

And weave into his shame, which like the dead

Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled."<sup>1</sup>

40

<sup>1</sup> The inverted commas at the beginning and end of this stanza are wanting in Shelley's edition.













